THE NATION

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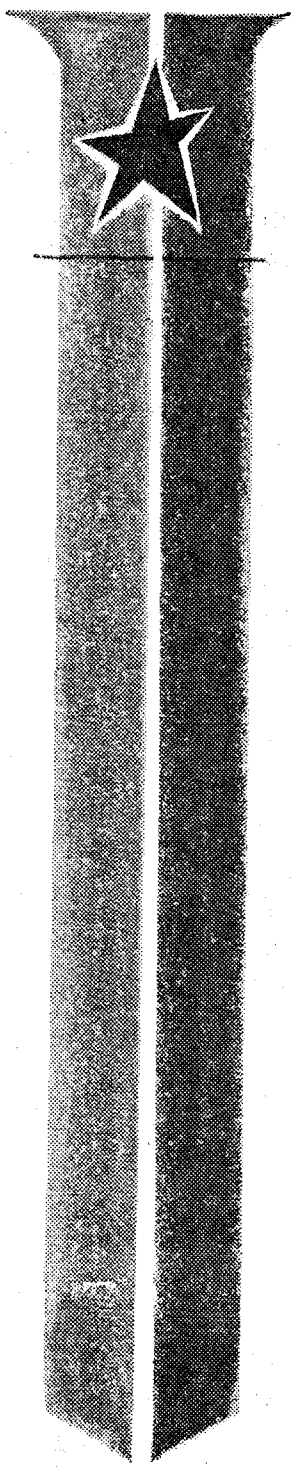

Revolution at Sea

HOW I SEIZED the 'SANTA MARIA'

by

Henrique Galvao

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LETTERS

Orchids, Onions and Ivy

Dear Sirs: Prof. Shaffer's excellent article, "Tuition Crisis in the Ivy League States" (March 18), shows the State of New York as a stronghold of the elite concept in higher education, only establishing a State University in 1948.

I feel that it would have been proper for Prof. Shaffer to have made some acknowledgment of the fact that within this stronghold, and because of it, the City of New York established The College of the City of New York in 1847, to provide tuition-free higher education for the academically deserving sons of the city, without regard to race, creed or color, who could not afford the luxury of eliteness. CCNY is the first evidence of the democratic concept of tuition-free higher education in this country and it is now in its 113th year of service — exactly 100 years ahead of the state!

ARTHUR J. JACOBS, CCNY '37

Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sirs: Prof. Shaffer . . . intimates, or states flatly, that Ivy League colleges exclude low-income minority groups from their "aristocratic" halls. I and many of my Dartmouth classmates (to take a single year as an example) are testimony to the absurdity of this charge. How did we get to Dartmouth? Exactly as Dr. Commager suggests — through the G.I. Bill as well as through loans, scholarships and jobs provided by the college solely on the basis of need.

I have spent the past ten years in public education in teachers' and community colleges and large, state-run universities, many of which — unlike poor, starved New York — had millions of public dollars with which to provide modern buildings and other facilities. In general, these schools were of such poor educational quality that the money spent on them seems almost a criminal waste. . . . RAYMOND MULLEN

Ocala, Fla.

British Colonial Policy

Dear Sirs: In your February 11 issue, Jane Stolle wrote about "The State of the United Nations." May I ask her the following questions?

1. Can she give one example of Great Britain's "nineteenth-century policies in the economic and colonial areas?"

2. When has the U.S. ever been paralyzed by blind support of any British policy?

3. After looking at the record, can she seriously group British colonial policy with the colonial policies of Portugal, Spain, Belgium and France?

4. Does she really suggest that Britain's "interests involve the delay of economic and social development in the hungry parts of the world"?

For rhetorical reasons, Miss Stolle has made a highly offensive generalization that shows a complete ignorance of modern British colonial policy. . . .

MICHAEL BURRAGE
London School of Economics Students' Union

London, England

Dear Sirs: I have perhaps been unfair to Britain in putting her unqualifiedly in this group (see Question 3), particularly in view of post-World War II history. Yet it is curious how, until the American defection on the recent U.N. vote on Angola, Britain, Spain, Portugal and the United States maintained a similar pattern of voting on all colonial questions. Was it in the interest of the Algerian people, or of NATO, that Britain and the United States abstained on the Algerian question all these years? Why did the U.S. delegation, against its own wishes, join with the United Kingdom, France, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, the Union of South Africa, the Dominican Republic and Australia in abstaining on a resolution introduced by Nehru calling for a "speedy end of colonialism"? The answer: a personal plea from Macmillan to Eisenhower. As to Question 4, it would better be addressed to the former British colonies, and particularly India. Once freedom is attained, it is easy to forget the long, hard struggle that leads to it.

JANE STOLLE

New York City

Film Historian's Plea

Dear Sirs: Anyone with information (letters, photographs, reminiscences) concerning the U. S. Film Service, its films or related documentaries of "social awareness" of the 1930s, please write to me at 309-10 Stanford Village, Stanford, California. LARRY J. LOGAN

Collective Action

Dear Sirs: Every public-opinion poll on an issue connected with peace shows the same strong feeling against war as did the poll cited in your editorial, "Wanted — A Peace Movement" (March 11). . . . What is lacking is the drama, excitement and contagious enthusiasm of millions working in unison for a common aim.

Dr. Linus Pauling and Mrs. Ava Helen Pauling have initiated a world-wide petition calling for the cessation of the spread of nuclear weapons and particularly against furnishing them to NATO. Over 750 distinguished people from thirty-nine countries have joined the Paulings in sponsoring the petition. Among them are thirty-eight Nobel Laureates, including Lord Russell and Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Let all peace organizations, all in-

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Words and Facts

On its face, the State Department's White Paper on Cuba, written mainly by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., approved by Dean Rusk and Allen Dulles, and edited by the President himself, is simply a call to counterrevolution. The paper does make it clear that the United States is not opposed to bourgeois-type revolutions, in which the basic rights of property are not violated and a corrupt regime is turned out in favor of a virtuous one, or at any rate one less corrupt. But the Cuban revolution, under the direction of Castro, Guevara et al., proved not so aseptic; it expropriated American (and Cuban) property, and eventually allied itself with the Soviet bloc. We call on it to revert to what it was at the outset, which is about as easy as making water run uphill, failing which we exhort the Cuban people to wipe out this infamy. All Latin America is invited to join the United States and the anti-Castro Cubans in this crusade of virtue against vice.

The call is an eloquent one, but it does not deal very realistically with the facts of the case. One of the facts is that the Eisenhower administration gave material assistance and moral encouragement to Batista as long as it looked as if he could cling to power. The White Paper says, "We acknowledge past omissions and errors in our relationship to . . . the people of Cuba, our brothers." This *mea culpa* would come with better grace if one of President Kennedy's chief advisers on Cuba, and his unsuccessful aspirant for the post of Ambassador to Switzerland, were not the same Earl Smith who, as Ambassador to Batista, did his full share in alienating those whom we now hail as brothers. A President cannot disavow his predecessor in so many words, but there is far more continuity in policy on Cuba than the people of Cuba (those who have remained there) are likely to tolerate. It seems that all the conversion must be on Castro's side, with precious little on ours.

Then, what did we expect Castro to do when we cut off his oil, cut off the sugar quota, and in every other respect made him the pariah of the hemisphere? And did we expect Khrushchev to pass up the opportunity to expose our vulnerability in our own backyard? Here again the Kennedy Administration has carried on the Eisenhower policies — in fact, has intensified them. When Kennedy was elected, Castro put out some hopeful feelers for a rapprochement. The response was glacial. Nor has hostile action been lacking on our part. Even as Mr. Schlesinger was composing his philippic, the United States was putting teeth into his recriminations. In addition to the training camp for counterrevolutionaries in Guatemala which the United States has been operating since the fall of 1960, it was announced that we are establishing a training center in the Canal Zone to teach Latin American armies anti-guerrilla and guerrilla tactics. In this fashion, we show that the people of Cuba remain our brothers.

A fact not to be overlooked is that these our brothers are armed to the teeth, and for the most part support the miscreant Castro. The *émigrés* drilling in the environs of Miami and in Central America have as much chance of overthrowing Castro as Denikin, Wrangel, Semenoff and the other Czarist generals had of overthrowing Lenin. Castro can be overthrown, but it will take the United States Air Force, Army and Navy to do it. This operation could be categorized as a brush-fire war, but it would be a bloody one, and could set all Latin America on fire. Where we now have one Communist-oriented revolution to cope with, we might find ourselves writing White Papers in condemnation of half a dozen. Where, then, will be our vaunted moral superiority? Britain and France recovered from Suez, the Soviet Union from Hungary, but the scars remain. Our victory could be even more Pyrrhic. The aftermath might be the end of the United Nations, as well as our moral pretensions.

The White Paper is the beginning of something, but that something is incubating in President Kennedy's mind and even Mr. Schlesinger may not know what it is. If Mr. Kennedy is putting the screws on Mr. Castro, preparatory to a genuine effort to bring him to reason, then it is a normal maneuver of statecraft and to be accepted as such. If it is the prelude to a U.S.-backed counterrevolution by Cubans inside and outside Cuba, then it is folly, and not less so for all that it is couched in fine phrases.

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'If Hopes Were Dupes'

History, of course, repeats itself first as tragedy and then as farce. Over the last two decades, we have become all too familiar with the liberal "dupe" or "fellow-traveler" impaled by Congressional inquisitors for such offenses as having sponsored some organization about which he did not always know all that might be known.

Now the wheel has come full turn and it is yesterday's wiseacre who has become today's "dupe." Take, for instance, the case of Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona and the John Birch Society. Robert Welch, the society's founder, admits that he is an "acquaintance" of the Senator. The society's *Blue Book* leaves no doubt that Welch's current — and enthusiastic — choice for the Presidency in 1964 is Senator Goldwater. One of the society's most active and flourishing chapters is in the Senator's state of Arizona. And yet the usually forthright Senator, who has a reputation for "laying it on the line," insists that he doesn't know whether he is for or against the John Birch Society. "I can't answer that question," he said recently, "because I don't know too much about the society."

Then there is Rep. John Rousselot (R., Cal.) who, in his own way, has often pointed the finger of scorn at "soft-headed" dupes and fellow-travelers of the left-of-center. "I just don't know whether I'm a member," he told the *Los Angeles Times*. "I don't deny membership. I just don't know." If an unfriendly witness before one of the inquisitorial committees were to be that vague about possible membership in a committee formed in the mid-thirties to furnish medical supplies to the Spanish Loyalists, he would be denounced as a shameful equivocator, if not a perjurer, and a contempt citation would be forthcoming.

In an advertisement in the Santa Barbara *Free-Press* of February 7, 1961, the John Birch Society quoted the following letter which had been addressed to C. M. Crawford of Los Angeles: "Replying to your recent letter, I beg to advise you that I do not know of any more dedicated anti-Communist in the country than Robert Welch. I unhesitatingly recommend him to you and endorse his John Birch Society. Under separate cover I am sending you some literature that may be of interest to you." The letter is signed Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, who prayed so long and so earnestly for the success of the new Administration at the President's inauguration. (Perhaps Cardinal Cushing has never read the discussion of the "amoral man" to be found in the *Blue Book* of the John Birch Society which contains an unmistakable reference to Mr. Kennedy, but written, of course, before his election to the Presidency.)

Then, of course, there is Representative Edgar W. Hiestand (R., Cal.), accuser extraordinary, self-constituted "thought" policeman of Pasadena and environs, who feels outraged over the "smears" that have come his way because of his membership in the society (at least he *knows* that he is a member). Yet in the view of Robert Welch, the society's founder, President Kennedy, former President Truman, former President Eisenhower, the late John Foster Dulles, and Allen W. Dulles were all dupes of the Communist conspiracy.

All of which leaves us in a state of comical confusion about who is and who is not a dupe, in 1961. Perhaps Arthur Henry Clough was right: "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars."

African Freedom Day

Senator Hubert Humphrey has introduced a resolution calling on the President to designate April 15 each year as African Freedom Day. The date was designated as such by the conference of independent African states in 1958. The merit of the suggestion is obvious. In anticipation of the fact, the American Committee on Africa has scheduled an Africa Freedom Day Rally to be held at Hunter College in New York on April 17. Among the speakers will be Kenneth Kaunda, President of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia; Kenya's dynamic leader Tom Mboya; and, we are pleased to note, a by-now fairly regular *Nation* contributor to whose remarkable account of the seizure of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* this issue is devoted. It is significant that Messrs. Kaunda and Mboya, as their appearance at the rally indicates, recognize the importance of the role that non-natives have played in the liberation of Africa. In this context, Henrique Galvao is as important a figure as any native who has participated in Africa's numerous liberation movements. Freedom has nothing to do with race or place of birth or ethnic origin. Africa will be free not when the last remnants of colonial rule have vanished; it will be truly free only when Africans — black and white — have given assurance to the world of their capacity to respect human rights, regardless of race, tribe, village, ethnic origin or social class.

The Lady from Maine

Many a citizen in many a state must wish he were a resident of Maine, so that he could be represented in the Senate of the United States by Margaret Chase Smith. Many a Democrat would be glad to vote for Mrs. Smith, a Republican, and no doubt many a Maine Democrat does so. Her reputation among her colleagues is high, and with good reason. When a majority of Senators cowered before Joe McCarthy, she was one of the group that spoke out against him. She has never lacked either good sense or courage. But now she has done something that is nearly unprecedented in either branch of the Congress. On March 30, the Department

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of the Air Force notified Senator Smith that it had decided to close the Snark missile base at Presque Isle, Maine. This would normally have been the signal for the aggrieved legislator to rise in the chamber, rend his garments, throw ashes on his hair, and demand that the order be rescinded so that the survival of the United States would not be jeopardized and, survival aside, his faithful constituents would not be deprived of their livelihood. In this case, Mrs. Smith rose indeed, but what she said was, "The far easier course for me to pursue politically would be to demand that the now outmoded Snark program be continued, so that the Presque Isle Air Base [could] be kept operating, to aid the economy of the area. . . . But in all good conscience I cannot do this, for this would simply be playing politics with our national security, our national defense, and our taxpayer's dollar. It would be submitting to the economic philosophy that our National Defense Establishment and our national security program must be operated primarily for the local economy." Senators Mansfield, Morse and Kuchel were moved to commend Senator Smith from the floor. Now it remains only for more Senators and Representatives to follow Mrs. Smith's example.

Better Not to Think of It

As spring advances and the people rejoice, it is only with reluctance that *The Nation* refers to a doleful event which, sooner or later, we shall have to bear, if bear it we can. In a letter to the editor of the Tacoma (Wash.) *News Tribune*, J. Edgar Hoover conveys his appreciation for an editorial "expressing concern over the rumor that I am planning to retire from my position as director of the FBI. Please be assured that there is no truth to this ridiculous story, and that my only desire is to remain in my present capacity as long as I can be of service to the country."

So the citizens can breathe again. But in the meantime a strange phenomenon has been observed which could give rise to renewed misgivings. Two of Mr. Hoover's subordinates, Richard D. Auerbach, in charge in San Francisco, and William C. Sullivan, the FBI's chief inspector, have been stumping the country with reassurances at variance with the past alarums of Mr. Hoover himself. Mr. Auerbach's theme is that American university students are a "firm bunch" and that the universities are not a spawning ground for Communists. "We are cheered," the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorializes happily, "to find [such gossip] being put down by an authority such as Auerbach." Mr. Sullivan goes even farther. We must distinguish, he declares, between communism and "legitimate dissent." While he acknowledges that many clergymen have innocently given their names and talents to Communist fronts, he says bluntly that the truth of the matter is that "the Communist Party, U.S.A., has not achieved any substantial success in exerting domination, control or influence over America's clergymen or religious institutions on a national scale. . . ."

The difficulty is that, having been frightened so regularly over the past quarter-century by Mr. Hoover, the citizens may display withdrawal symptoms, like a drug addict suddenly deprived of his daily ration of heroin. A further cause of uneasiness is the fact that since Mr. Hoover's retirement is being rumored, the mind is forced to the contemplation of the day when Mr. Hoover will actually retire, or be retired. If a President of the United States should go mad and dismiss the great man, would not the country be overrun by Russian spies? The advance of spring is halted, or at least retarded, when one thinks of these things.

Political Education in the United States

If the average man reads only the sporting pages and the funnies, he still gets political education. An outstanding example is "Steve Canyon," the famed cartoon strip of Milton Caniff. The April 4 installment yields a particularly valuable lesson. Colonel Canyon and another square-jawed character are shown in front of the seal of the Central Intelligence Agency in an office. "Col. Canyon," says the character, who is too young to be Allen Dulles, "your old friend Hogan and Princess Snowflower are involved in this Crag Hag guerrilla activity." (Pause.) "It means they are either Reds — or are being duped by Russia into helping keep Red China in line. . . . You are to go out there and see what can be done about it." We do not see Colonel Canyon depart on his perilous mission, but in the next frame we are shown a troop of horsemen who, by their sinister Oriental faces, are easily recognized as Chinese Reds. "Comrade," says one, "this border has stood for 1,000 years! Why do we cross it now?" "In politics you are as a child!" is the answer. The comrade explains: "We create a border dispute while our leaders prepare to score a large point at a world conference! . . . Attention is on us — and arrangements at high level often go unnoticed. . . ." (He points) "Burn this village and shoot a few stupid peasants. . . . It is a nice day for an outing."

With one slight change, this blood-curdling affair is based on reality. The March 28 *Chinese World*, in a dispatch from the Far East, quotes a guerrilla chief, Tuan Kuo-hsiang, recently evacuated from the Thailand-Laos-Burma region with 2,000 of his men. Tuan boasts that he killed 5,000 men and shot down five ancient propeller-driven fighter planes. The only divergence is that Tuan is now in Taipei, and Tuan and his men are Chinese Nationalists, our loyal allies.

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Revolution at Sea

How I Seized the Santa Maria .. *Henrique Galvao*

The author, a distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist, once served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. Escaping, he found asylum in South America, where he continued his revolutionary activities (Mr. Galvao's My Crusade for Portugal *will be published this fall by World). This article has been translated by Gregory Rabassa from the Portuguese.*—EDITORS.

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I. Background to Action

THIS ARTICLE aims to provide an understanding of the "incident" which aroused the world as twenty-four men of the Iberian Revolutionary Directorate, under my command, seized and occupied the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria.* I hope that it will serve this purpose better than the news media, which excited world opinion with outbursts of sensationalism. It is perhaps still too early to judge the *Santa Maria* action ("Operation Dulcinea," as we called it) with perfect objectivity, since it was only the first phase of an operational plan of revolutionary hostilities against the Iberian dictators and their regimes. This first phase had as its aim the arousing of the free world's human interest in the barbaric drama of the oppression of the peoples of Portugal and Spain. Now that this first phase is over, and the thirst for sensation so dominant in today's world has been satisfied somewhat, the events can be seen in a clearer perspective. In this way the "incident" will make more sense than it did when the *Santa Maria* was in mid-Atlantic and the whole episode was a feast for a world gluttonous for sensation.

In an article published in *The Nation* of January 9, 1960, I dealt with the Portuguese aspect of a situation that has prevailed in the entire Iberian peninsula for the past thirty years and has devastated and enslaved its peoples. Implicit in that article were the motives behind the capture of the *Santa Maria;* and, with this act, I consider that direct hostilities were opened against the dictators. As for the Spanish aspect of the Iberian problem, the situation under Franco is too well known for me to repeat the facts. All I want to do here is pose a question to all people who prize their liberty as individuals and nations, who hold to the humane point of view that there will never be peace anywhere in the world as long as any form of tyranny exists. Of these people I ask: Was not our insurrection, the revolt of those who would not conform to the loss of liberty or to the acceptance of material and moral miseries offensive to human dignity, in fact completely legitimate? I write for free men and free peoples. I shall not waste my time arguing with tyrants or their packs of sub-humans.

I was one of the many living in the inhuman atmosphere of Portugal who, unconforming, found myself immobilized because of the lack of scruple on the part of the dictatorial regime, whose defenses were criminal force and spiritual fraud. I did have an advantage (or was it a disadvantage?), however, over my fellow sufferers, who made up the overwhelming majority of the population. I had a clearer picture of things, not only because I had suffered personally, but also from having personally known the Dictator and the most hateful elements of his oligarchy. As a Deputy in the National Assembly and as Chief Inspector of Overseas Territories, I had had direct contact with the most horrible cancers of the regime — a regime which does not hesitate to operate in God's name! This advantage (or disadvantage) enabled me to develop a conscience which, although neither better nor purer on the whole than that of any other oppressed person, did give me, in a manner of speaking, a missionary spirit of resistance which made me decide upon action against the regime. All alone or with companions, leader or follower, the rest of my life would be completely dedicated to an attempt to free my country from Salazar's tyranny.

WITHIN Portugal itself, as within Spain, the organization of any attempt at liberation—and many had been made—seemed impossible. On the one hand, there was the regime, continuously fattening its oligarchy and impoverishing its people, spending on arms and propaganda the money which the masses needed for bread, health, housing and education, and protected by a defensive armor of oppressive police who, in spite of being more brutal than intelligent, did manage to have a spy or agent within earshot of any group of twenty Portuguese. On the other hand, there was the effect of thirty years of Gestapo practices on school and home, on factory and farm, on city and village, on barracks and sporting club—in short, throughout all Portuguese society—which had planted fear in the heart and spawned all the forms of terror, fright and unrest upon which Salazar based the "Peace and Order" harped upon by his propaganda. To provoke the explosion of this collective despair through a disorderly mass movement—a not impossible feat, considering the agitation created by the candidacy of General Humberto Delgado for President of Portugal—would be to run the risk of plunging the country into a bloody demagogy, a path which

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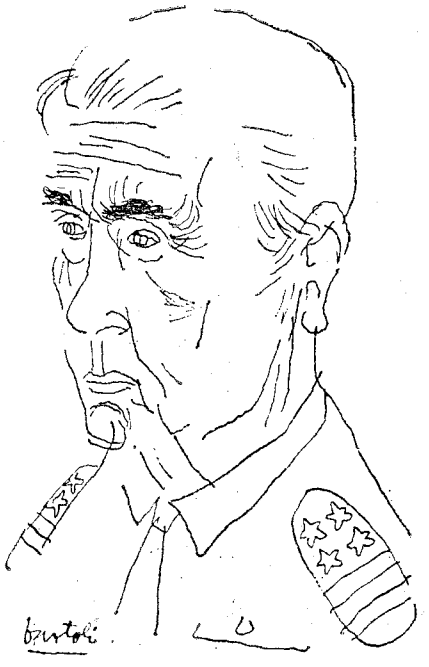
has been proved as not leading to liberty. In their struggle against tyranny, tyrannized peoples cannot rely on even the neutrality of certain governments among the great Western democracies, which constantly betray their ideals—often without the consent of their people—and deal with dictators in such a way as to assure their survival.

If, then, there was to be some possibility for careful organization and preparation, the struggle would have to come from without. In other words, only if the revolt was begun by exiles could there be any chance for a successful outcome. It was not without bitter experience in other forms of rebellion that I had arrived at this conclusion. Having failed for the usual reasons in every attempt I had made in Portugal and in the Overseas Territories to organize a revolt of the hopeless, I was arrested and condemned by successive extraordinary tribunals to life imprisonment. In prison, I managed to resist, physically and morally, the disintegrative methods of the political police (PIDE), who even made a pure and simple attempt at murder. Every day of my imprisonment, I fought against the regime, against the police and against myself. At the end of seven years, during which I had won only the victory over myself, I saw but three possible paths before me: death, madness or escape. The last was made all the more difficult by the fact that I was the most closely guarded prisoner among all of the thousands held by the regime. Nevertheless, with the moral strength I had managed, by some miracle, to keep intact, I succeeded in escaping from a prison hospital (like the ship I was later to capture, the hospital was named Santa Maria). While in hiding, I persisted in my efforts to organize a revolt. But after a month, I saw that I could no longer remain in Portugal; the police were closing in. I took refuge in the Argentinian Embassy, whence, three months later, I left for South America.

At last I was another exile. But my difficult experience had taught me that it was as an exile that I would have greater opportunity to organize the struggle for direct action and the liberation of my unhappy people. There would be the chance of bringing before all the people of the free world the opportunity to examine the Portuguese drama more closely.



Henrique Galvao

Six months later I moved to Venezuela, where it seemed that I would have better conditions for the completion of the mission I had undertaken. I aligned myself with Humberto Delgado, the elected candidate defrauded of his victory by Salazar; I felt close to him both as a comrade and as one who shared his political objectives.

WHILE the intent of the mission was clear, great practical problems arose. The struggle seemed most one-sided, and none of the elements one could logically count on to make it less so were available. The political exiles had degenerated to the point where they offered only rhetorical forms of resistance. A sort of fatalistic immobility characterized them; they relied more on the chance that international contingencies would cause the downfall of the peninsular dictatorships than on the will and strength of an active national resistance. Salazar had corrupted everything, and through fear, bribery and misery, he had also corrupted many of the values once held by the opposition.

On one side there was the State, very powerful materially, as far as we were concerned, with a police-like Army and a police force as well-armed as an Army—both useless for external defense, but strong enough to maintain an internal offensive of fear; with a diplomatic corps serving both as police and propagandists, and with plenty of resources for bribery; with a naval force sufficient to frighten the Overseas Territories; and, above all, with as much money as could be diverted from the vital necessities of a population which, in terms of living standards and tuberculosis control, was already relatively inferior to any other European country.

ON THE other side, separated from Portugal by the Atlantic moat, here we were: first two, then a half-dozen, then several dozen—lacking money, arms, transportation or international aid. We could not command an iota of moral or material support from the democratic country we had chosen as our jump-off point. We were stronger than the dictators only in the morality of the cause we were defending, in the dignity of our poverty and in the sincerity of our aims. But superiority in moral strength does not count for much as a weapon of war in a world in which the very liberty of oppressed peoples is trafficked in by certain undemocratic governments of very democratic nations in exchange for military bases and facilities undemocratically conceded. In addition to this, the dictators had signed and put into operation the so-called Iberian Pact, by which they formed an alliance to insure the survival of their tyrannies on the international level through diplomacy, and internally by means of the joint forces of their oligarchies.

The aid I had hoped for, and which had been promised by a high official of the majority party of Venezuela, never materialized. Indeed, instead of help from that quarter, we came to count on nothing but difficulties which certainly would not have existed had the Venezuelan Government more faithfully followed the wishes and feelings of its people.

It was at that time (beginning in December, 1959) that I began to attempt a reply to the Iberian Pact by

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trying to unite the exiled forces of the Portuguese and Spanish oppositions for a common action. Through this alliance, we hoped to set up a sort of technical organization of liberation, aimed at opening and maintaining active hostilities against the dictatorial regimes of the Iberian peninsula. The first attempt to achieve this alliance was a failure. The Spanish elements of the opposition-in-exile, although in agreement on the advantages of unification, and although they harbored a common anxiety over Franco's continuing in power, were hopelessly divided on institutional questions. Many of the groups they had formed were, in a manner of speaking, adapted to the routine of an opposition consisting primarily of rhetoric—a type of opposition hardly suited to match the force and intrigue that could be put into play by the signers of the Iberian Pact. The result, for all practical purposes, was a type of immobility. Nevertheless, while the attempt at union failed, the contacts made enabled me to become acquainted with certain elements who were not in agreement with this immobility and who, along with me, saw the necessity for direct action.

These dissidents formed a group called the Union of Spanish Combatants. We then organized the Revolutionary Directorate of Iberian Liberation (DRIL)—a precarious organization at best, considering its lack of material means and prestige. DRIL could count only on the determination and courage of its members. Basically, it represented an alliance between the Union of Spanish Combatants and the National Independence Movement (MNI), led by General Delgado (at the time, I was the General's delegate in Venezuela, as well as his closest collaborator). The Union of Spanish Combatants could count on combat elements scattered throughout several European countries, more faithful and valiant than organized, and the MNI had the weight of the support of the Portuguese masses who had voted for Delgado, and consequently could claim legitimacy as the representative organ of Portuguese resistance. Ideologically, both organizations were anti-totalitarian, opposed to all oppressive forms of government, whether Communist or McCarthyite.

From this tenuous union there would arise an understanding among people who, at the outset, hardly knew one another either personally or politically. But the fundamental problems still remained, namely the lack of material resources, the small size of our forces in comparison with the enemy, and the lack of prestige which alone could bring us the help we needed. For all practical purposes, the only thing we could rely on was the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Portuguese and Spanish peoples wanted what we wanted: the redemption of the Iberian nations, morally, politically and economically, through liberty. They would give their unconditional support to us, or to any democratic opposition, which could show a capacity for direct and effective action. I was to be chief of operations for the Portuguese DRIL under the authority granted me by General Delgado.

II. Planning the Action

"OPERATION DULCINEA," the opening of hostilities against the Iberian tyrannies, actually arose out of the seemingly insurmountable difficulties facing us. We could not use the classic methods of revolutionary combat, such as armed rebellion from within, or invasion. As far as these methods were concerned, the invulnerability of Salazar and Franco seemed as real as their immobilist opposition had painted it. Yet it was indispensable that we attack the tyrants on their own ground. Moreover, this had to be done in full view of a world opinion so indifferent to the Iberian drama as to be unaware that Western governments were pursuing policies which assured the survival of the Iberian dictatorships. We would have to employ a form of action modest enough to fall within the scope of our meager possibilities, yet which by its originality and power to shock would lay bare the systems of violence and lies of the dictators. If we could manage this, we would certainly gain the support of the oppressed masses of the nations in question and of the political leaders of the democratic opposition; we might even gain sufficient prestige to carry us into a battle for the ultimate freedom of our peoples. Clearly, imagination would have to play a leading role in our operation.

THE ANGUISH of our difficulties brought forth the idea of "Dulcinea." Every month Spanish ships and the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* touched at the Venezuelan port of La Guaira. Legally they were parcels of national territory. Why was it not possible for the revolution to begin on one of these pieces of Iberian soil which came our way —as other revolutions had started in cities, mountains or valleys? The passengers would correspond to the inhabitants of territories in revolt, and the situation would differ only in form from what was happening, and had happened recently, in Cuba, in Algeria, in Paraguay and in all countries where oppressed peoples were fighting for their freedom. Naturally, the passengers would be inconvenienced, but certainly less than the inhabitants, native and foreign, of a city in revolt; in any case, our plans called for the unstinting protection of their lives, dignity and property. Due to its prestige as a merchant ship, its speed and its resources, the *Santa Maria* interested us most among all the ships available for our operation. We would not be able to obtain the same effect with a smaller, slower and less important ship. Therefore, the *Santa Maria* would be the ship of "Operation Dulcinea" — Dulcinea because, in many ways, we were also romantics going forth to do battle for our lady fair.

Once we had formulated the idea, the practical problems of its realization became evident. We would have to gather information and study it closely. There would be the preparation of personnel who would take part. We would have to secure funds for arms and tickets. And we would

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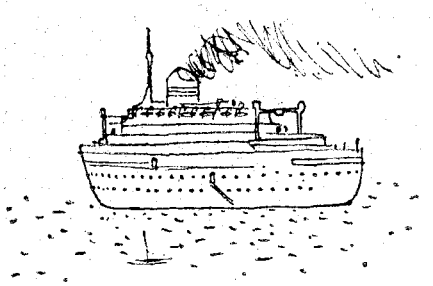
have to guard the secret from Salazar's spies, who are present wherever there is a Portuguese colony. We spent many months of anguish and despair in resolving these problems, more anxious and desperate than armed combatants, more fatigued than any laborer, in a situation as precarious as any in which one's life is risked. These months were so intensive that on January 20 of this year, when we finally boarded the *Santa Maria*, we could say with real conviction that whatever our fate might be, the most painful part of the operation was already behind us.

According to the initial plan, the operation would consist of three phases. One hundred men armed with automatic weapons were to seize



three ships in a period of two days, provided certain time tables coincided. They would be the *Santa Maria;* the *Vera Cruz,* its sister ship; and a Spanish ship which sailed between Europe and Cuba. In order to accomplish this, we would need at least $30,000. Had we been able to obtain the money, "Dulcinea" would have been carried out through all three phases and it is entirely possible that large sectors of Portuguese territory in Europe and overseas would today be free. But there was no way of obtaining $30,000. We had no help from the country we were in and hardly any help at all from the many elements of democratic opposition-in-exile, who preferred immobility and lacked faith in our capacity for action. Communist parties were against us, and several Portuguese and Spanish millionaires with democratic sympathies closed their pockets to any program which did not consist of banquets and rhetorical manifestations. Begging from door to door, failing time after time, fighting a daily battle against the difficulties caused by the immobilists, it was only by the generosity of the very poor and by sucking blood from our own breasts, like pelicans, that we were able to manage enough for the embarkation of twenty-four men, of whom only fourteen would be armed. In order to attain this minimum goal, we not only had to postpone the operation from October to January, but also to abandon the most ambitious part of the plan.

BY outsiders, even the first phase of the operation would have been considered madness; but there was no other way out. Furthermore, we had foreseen, and quite accurately as it turned out, that we would have in our favor the element of surprise and audacity. Although we were going against a crew of more than three hundred men, they were oppressed, like all Portuguese under the domination of Salazar's oligarchy, and the fear the regime had instilled in their hearts would work in our favor.

We had come down to the final day, ready to bring about the first phase of the operation. Anticipating that the successful accomplishment of the first phase would bring many new elements to our side, we left the details of planning for subsequent phases for a later period. There was nothing mad about it at all. I am a cold-blooded creature, prepared for life and ready to consider its risks and contingencies in an objective manner. I felt that it was no more than one dangerous step with enough chances of success to risk it; the risk would be warranted, I believed, even if we gained only the first objective. The immediate goals of the first operational phase were the following:

¶To arouse interest in the drama of Portugal and Spain, so that the oppressed peoples of the peninsula would find among free peoples a support more worthy of the latter's ideals, heretofore compromised by the aid their governments had been giving the dictators.

¶To instill new hope in the oppressed masses of Portugal and Spain and assure them that ours was a movement based on direct action which was nevertheless capable of leading them ultimately to freedom without the danger of a disorderly uprising.

¶Finally, to arouse out of their immobility the groups of democratic politicians whose militant opposition to the regimes had so far been limited to rhetoric.

III. Seizure and Aftermath

WHILE my companions bought their tickets and boarded the *Santa Maria* at La Guaira as ordinary passengers (but with their arms concealed in their baggage), I flew to Curaçao, where the ship was to dock on the morning of the following day, January 21. I would have to embark clandestinely, lest my presence be noted, and it was best that I go aboard as close to H-hour as possible. At eight in the morning of January 21, the *Santa Maria* entered the harbor at Curaçao. One can imagine the emotion I felt as I saw it pass by the hotel where I was staying. With a felt hat pulled over my eyes and a God-given calm, I took advantage of the coming and going which always precedes the sailing of a ship and went on board at four-thirty that afternoon without any trouble at all.

We had gone through so much for this moment that, as I headed for the cabin where I was to hide out until H-hour, I felt a great euphoria surging through me, much the same as my companions had sensed on going aboard at La Guaira. We really felt that our battle had begun months before and elsewhere, and that we had already been through the most bitter and heroic, albeit the least spectacular, aspect of our adventure. In spite of the fact that we had yet to "capture" the ship and take it to our destination, what lay ahead seemed no more than a simple formality.

The world is too well aware of the subsequent events to make a detailed account worth while, and since everything will be described in a book which will be published soon, I shall limit myself here to a sum-

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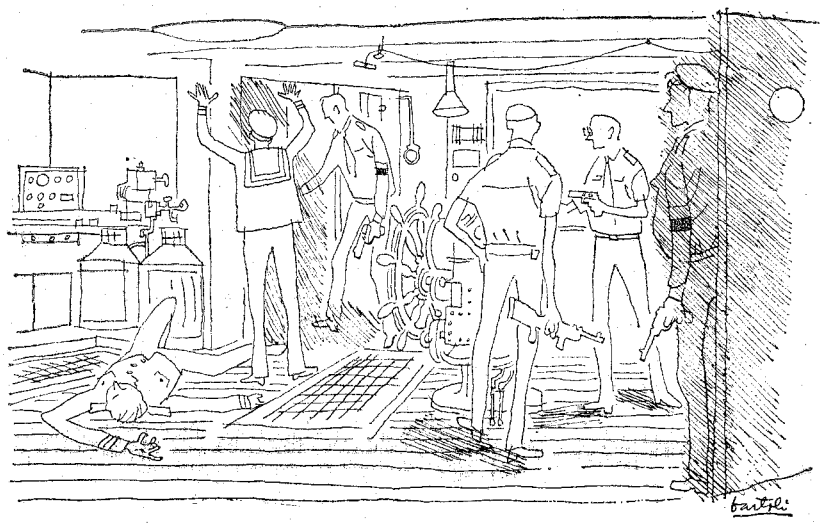

mary of the salient facts and also to others which need some clarification. This last is necessary because of the passions aroused by the first news items sent around the world. The truth concerning certain events was distorted by the hysterical propaganda of the dictators and the haste with which journalists reported the happenings.

At 1:40 A. M., January 22, we gathered next to the first-class swimming pool and divided ourselves into two groups. One group was under the orders of Commander Souto Mayor, a former naval officer in the Spanish Civil War who would later take charge of the technical operation of the ship, and the other under my direct command. On the upper deck we attacked the radio room and the bridge, while on the deck below we took the officers' quarters and the Captain's cabin. Resistance on the bridge by the only officer who defended his post in a noble fashion caused some shooting which resulted in the death of this brave adversary and the wounding of another man who, ignoring an order to halt, tried to run away. Our simple presence was enough to force the surrender of the radio room. The presence of one man—myself—was all that was needed to effect the surrender of the Captain and his officers, who had been gathered in his cabin (one of the officers cried like a girl). They not only surrendered unconditionally, but also promised on their honor to continue work and to obey any orders. The behavior of these men greatly facilitated our plans; in spite of this, they were not the adversaries we had hoped to encounter. For all the ease and rapidity of the victory, we could not forget that these men were Portuguese, divested of all virility and professional dignity, and so to us they seemed more victims than criminals. They were victims of the two generations of rule by which Salazar had imposed a kind of spinelessness on many of the Portuguese people. They surrendered like inferior men and thereafter obeyed like inferiors whenever we gave a command. It was a great help to us, but a lamentable picture of the products of a regime.

To our great surprise, there was no reaction from either passengers or crew. It was a windy night and the shooting had not been heard in the six lower levels of the big ship. Some news must have reached the night shift in the engine room, at the lowest level, for it was taken without the least sign of resistance by a group sent down there after the bridge had been taken. The passengers had been asleep at the time of the attack and were only aware that the ship had been taken over, and was heading on a different course, when they awoke in the morning. By dawn we had already taken the steps necessary for securing the vital parts of the ship and had set up a system of patrols and sentries which gave the illusion that we were really a much larger group than we actually were.

All of this does not explain entirely how twenty-four badly armed men had succeeded with relative ease not only in taking over and occupying the ship, changing its course towards the Atlantic, as suited us, but also in keeping perfect order among 350 crew members and 600 passengers. There are two simple explanations. First, our small force was deployed and used, with great sacrifice of our rest and comfort, so that for the thirteen days we held the *Santa Maria* neither passengers nor crew were aware of the fact that we were only twenty-four in number. It was rumored aboard that there were at least seventy of us; and from the tendency towards exaggeration which goes hand in hand with excitement, it was soon rumored that we were armed to the teeth, that we had brought on board great quantities of explosives and, above all, that our ranks had been swelled by clandestine comrades whom we had planted among the passengers. This illusion of force was a great power we possessed over the minds of the people, and we used it to full advantage. Second, it became almost immediately obvious that the regimes of Salazar and Franco were hateful to the majority of crew members and Portuguese and Spanish passengers. Any discontent came from the unique and upsetting fact that their previously well-planned routines had been altered. The foreign passengers, mostly Americans on their way to Miami, where the ship was to have docked after Curaçao, and Dutch on their way to Europe, proved to be even more tractable. Not only were there no complaints, but some appeared to be quite interested in what

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we were doing and were even prepared to help us. It might be said that any personal losses they might have suffered had been compensated by the fact that they were participants in an event which would have world-wide repercussions. In addition to these circumstances, our treatment of passengers and crew was courteous and humane. We were impeccably correct and made every effort to make the newly created situation as easy for them as possible. All of this explains how we were able to maintain discipline and normal life on a ship for thirteen days.

UNDER the command of Commander Souto Mayor, and with the obedient help of the defeated Captain, immediately after the capture the ship was headed towards the strait between the islands of Martinique and St. Lucia. We wanted to reach the waters of the South Atlantic as soon as possible and from there make our demands in connection with our second operational phase. Until we gained these objectives, it would be necessary to keep our position and course secret. We would have an easy trip for three days—the scheduled travel time between Curaçao and Miami. We could gain an extra day by notifying the company's agency in Miami by radio that we were reducing speed because of mechanical trouble and would therefore arrive behind schedule. Thereafter, there would be wonder over the prolonged delay, then alarm followed by a search. But the searchers would be without any easy means of orientation, since we planned to maintain radio silence.

Unfortunately, an unforeseen event worked against our plans and made us change the course of our operations completely. The wounded crewman grew seriously ill as we neared the strait between Martinique and St. Lucia. According to the ship's doctor, his life was in danger, and if he did not receive the care he could get only on shore, he would surely die. There was also a passenger who had been sick when he came on board and his condition, too, had worsened; he needed care that could be obtained only on land. In short, two lives depended on our landing at St. Lucia, the nearest place where the ill could receive the necessary treatment.

A struggle of conscience now arose. If we put the sick people ashore, we would certainly be denounced and the secrecy, without which attainment of the second phase was impossible, would be shattered. If we did not put the two men ashore, we would be responsible for their lives. The case of the wounded man—unlike his dead comrade, a coward—did not concern us as much as that of the sick passenger. The former was an adversary, subject to the contingencies of his position, and an officer in a service which, although peaceful, was not wholly lacking in professional risks and dangers; the latter was a passenger who had confidently embarked for Europe in search of better health. Although it was true that we were on a war footing at that moment, we were also human beings fighting for an ideal from which inhuman violence was excluded.

AFTER many hours of soul-searching debate, we decided to put the sick people ashore and face all of the consequences which might follow. The situation was particularly difficult for us because of the fact that we were still in one of the most heavily patrolled zones of the sea, within immediate reach of American and British bases on Puerto Rico and Trinidad. (Later on, while commenting upon this decision, an Argentine newspaper was to say that I lacked one essential quality of the revolutionary: I was not pitiless. But there are special ways of considering, in revolutionaries, qualities which sometimes compromise the revolution. In my case, while I knew that we were risking a loss of time and other, even greater, dangers, I hoped that we were not forfeiting final victory by our decision.)

The sick people were put ashore under circumstances known to the world, and so the capture of the *Santa Maria* became known ahead of schedule and the secret of our position and course was in danger. After the debarkation, we headed at full speed for the West Coast of Africa, now prepared to elude any possible attempt at pursuit.

There would now begin a duel between the *Santa Maria* and forces which we would have to consider attackers, at least initially. The nature of the duel would be more sporting than real, but we would have to accept it in a realistic manner. On the day following our departure from St. Lucia, our radio observation informed us that the *Santa Maria* incident had become known all over the world and was echoing with all the attributes of an extremely sensational event—just about as we had planned it would. As might have been expected, Lisbon accused us of piracy and murder. The Dictator, his hands still bloody from what he had done in Luanda, asked for help from the foreign powers whom he felt supported him most strongly. He threatened us with force and firing squad, and in his hallucinations invoked the Atlantic Pact, as if it could function as the maritime police of the Dictator's sea.

WE HAD NOT expected otherwise from these quarters, but we were surprised on hearing the news over the radio that, in response to Salazar's plea, British, Dutch and several American warships had sailed in pursuit of us. The impression caused by this news was more one of desolation than surprise. Had the British and Americans so misunderstood the lessons of these past years? We felt perfectly calm about the dangers represented by this pursuit; we would not stop, nor would we surrender. We could not be attacked by force with a thousand people on board, and in case of necessity we knew where we could find safe refuge and asylum. Besides, in this first phase we were more eager for a political victory than a military one, although the political victory had been somewhat tarnished by the intervention of the powers in response to Salazar's plea for help. In those first moments it seemed clear to us that the farce of democratic aid for the dictators was continuing, even against an attempt at liberation carried out by Portuguese on Portuguese territory.

For about four days, while con-

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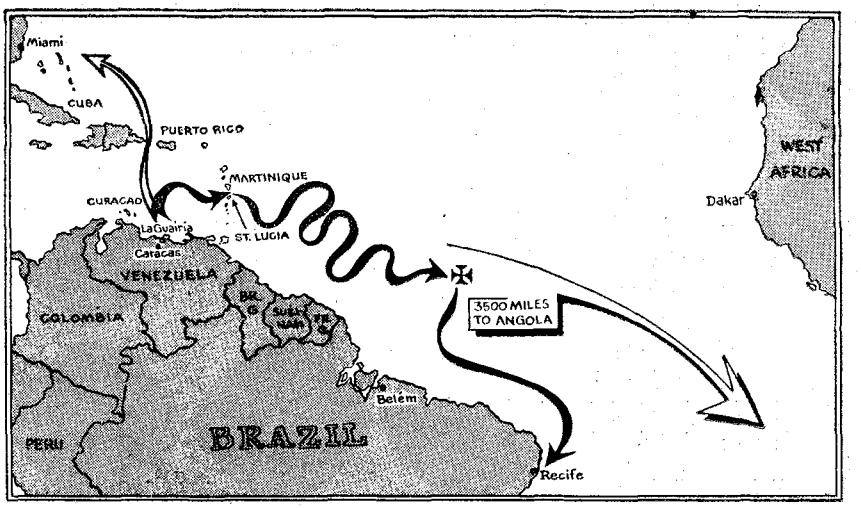
tinuing to give passengers and crew full radio facilities for reassuring their families, constantly changing direction and choosing the least navigated zones of the Atlantic so as not to stray too far from either the objectives of the second phase or from the ports where we could find certain asylum, we managed to elude the pursuit of the American fleet and keep our position a mystery. Whether we accomplished this by dint of our own skills or through the inefficiency of our pursuers is a question we do not wish to pursue further. Meanwhile, we had learned that the British and Dutch ships had ceased their pursuit and that world opinion, enlightened several times by eminent jurists, seemed to be in our favor. Only the American ships persisted. Why? We shall see.

Four days after we left St. Lucia, an unexpected meeting with a Dutch freighter gave our position away. That night the first American military aircraft flew over us and, after a few reconnaissance passes, established radio contact with me. The first words were imperative in objective, if not in form. The pilot invited me to turn the ship about and head for Puerto Rico. I replied that I considered the invitation offensive in that it carried the implication that we were pirates, and that as political rebels, this was an implication that I summarily refused to accept. In more conciliatory terms, he then proposed that as soon as I reached Puerto Rico I meet with the Admiral in command of the American Atlantic Fleet. This proposal I refused just as strongly, emphasizing that I was not opposed to a meeting with American naval authorities provided that it took place aboard the *Santa Maria* and provided, also, that the authorities did not overstep the narrow limits of their right of intervention in the conflict—their legitimate concern for the fate, lives and property of the American passengers on board. On no other grounds could I accept a parley with forces or representatives of foreign powers. This exchange was followed by an exchange of radio messages with the Admiral of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet, whose attitude was perfectly conciliatory and who, in acceptable



terms, dealt only with the possibility of disembarking the passengers. This was also our desire, and the only conditions we asked were guarantees for the safety of the passengers, ourselves and the ship, for which we wanted assurances that it would be able to sail from the port after debarkation of the passengers.

OUR FIRST great victory over Salazar, then, came in the very form in which the negotiations were carried on, sometimes by exchange of radiograms with the Admiral, at other times by direct verbal communication with the aircraft which had never ceased to keep us under surveillance. In addition, the conference with Rear Admiral Allen Smith, commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, was conducted strictly in accord with our conditions. Salazar had asked the Americans for help against "pirates"; but the Americans were dealing with us as equals, with a reciprocity of recognition of rights—a clear indication that they recognized us as rebels, and not as "pirates." World opinion supported us, and the Dictator found friendly echoes only among the Spanish authorities, as infamous as his own, and among organs of the press which he had bribed. The first great objective of the first phase of our operations of belligerency had almost been reached. In the following days it would be fulfilled.

Under the conditions we had laid out, Rear Adm. Smith first suggested the port of Belém, Pará, in Brazil, for the debarkation of passengers. Since docking facilities involving the safety of the ship were not adequate, this suggestion did not suit us. It was finally decided that we would disembark the passengers and crew at the port of Récife, if Brazilian authorities would accept our conditions.

By fortunate circumstance, Brazil was with us; we had no doubt of the support of the people, and a government which had been suspect because of the support it had given Salazar was to be succeeded, on January 31, by the government of President Jânio Quadros, whose declarations against all dictatorships left no doubts as to his position, and who also knew me personally. For complete assurance, I waited a day until the new President was inaugurated. On the day he was sworn in, I sent him a radio message describing the situation and asking for the necessary guarantees regarding the debarkation of passengers and the return of the ship to international waters. The reply of the illustrious President was quick, categorical and completely reassuring. He was friendly enough to recall a certain meeting we had had in Caracas during the time of his candidacy.

WE entered the port of Récife with a guarantee that we would be free to return to international waters after disembarking the passengers and crew and taking on provisions. That we did not do so was due entirely to certain practical difficulties, not because the Brazilian authorities interposed any objections. Once it had become impossible se-

(*Continued on page 332*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Clash of Titans

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT. By C. P. Snow. Harvard University Press. 88 pp. $2.50.

Ritchie Calder

THOSE OF US who have to live and work with famous scientists know that they can be as temperamental as film stars; we might similarly dismiss their quarrels if their statistics were not more vital. When scientific personalities clash on the great issues of our time it is not a gladiatorial combat between them but a conflict which may involve the lives of millions.

C. P. Snow, using the intensively personal rivalry between Sir Henry Tizard and Lord Cherwell (F. A. Lindemann) as an illustration for the theme of his Godkin Lectures at Harvard University, probably never anticipated the sensation which he has caused. It is, nevertheless, not surprising. In the love-hate which ordinary people feel toward science — a reverential awe, and at the same time a profound distrust — the disclosure of the moral failings of Titans confirms their worst suspicions. If scientists regard themselves, or allow themselves to be regarded, as demigods, they must be prepared for what will happen when their feet of clay are revealed. There is always a mob to burn a Joseph Priestley's house or gloat over the tormenting of an Oppenheimer.

And since scientists, abnormally rational in their laboratories, are normally emotional in their personal relationships, it is not surprising, either, that Sir Robert Watson-Watt should have reacted so vehemently, in his *Saturday Review* article of March 4, to Snow's imputations against Cherwell. He was hot in the defense of a friend. Indeed, it seems as though he is one of the few scientific friends that Cherwell ever had. Of all the obituaries I recall of this strange man, Watson-Watt's was the only one which had the warmth of affection and was ungrudging in its estimate of him as a scientist and as a man.

The facts which are in dispute between C. P. Snow and Watson-Watt and which have given an advance notoriety to a book that is non-committally titled *Science and Government* concern the early history of radar and the area-bombing of Germany. Watson-Watt has accused Snow, the novelist, of having corrupted Snow, the scientist, in the appraisal of Cherwell's role.

IT MAY SEEM strange that on issues of such recent and great historical importance the facts should be in question, but that, of course, bears out Snow's argument in his lectures (and book) that affairs of state are in the hands of cliques and swayed by personalities. And the personalities, in this case, include not only the principals but their champions.

Tizard and Lindemann were contemporaries. Their careers marched together. They met and became close, if incongruous, friends as science students in Berlin. They were both from England, Tizard as the impecunious son of a naval officer, and Lindemann as the son of a wealthy man who was not English. Tizard could respect brilliance and Lindemann, in his postgraduate days in Berlin, was a physicist of exceptional promise (indeed, his reputation for original research derived almost entirely from that period). Coincidentally, they both became involved in aircraft research in the First World War and, since experiments meant actual testing of dubious aircraft, they both distinguished themselves as men of singular physical courage.

After the war Tizard went to Oxford to teach chemistry and was largely instrumental in having Lindemann made Professor of Experimental Philosophy. In those halcyon days, Lindemann became godfather to one of Tizard's children. Neither man was to fulfill his early promise of research brilliance. Tizard had the modesty to see it; Lindemann's conceit would not let him. Tizard found compensations by becoming permanent Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and later Rector of Imperial College. Lindemann, while giving a lead to others at the Clarendon Laboratory, found his consolations in high society, later becoming the confidant and friend of Winston Churchill.

No one can blame Snow for finding a novelist's fascination in Lindemann. No two people could have been less alike than Churchill and Lindemann. The latter never drank, lived largely on whites of eggs, cheese and olive oil. He was a somber man of bitter wit rather than Churchillian humor. He was a lifelong bachelor (although his biography is likely to show that he was not as sexless as Snow suggests). But he was devoted to Churchill, and during the days when Churchill was in the political wilderness his was the slide-rule mind which measured the weaknesses in Britain's defense, on the basis of which Churchill violently and continuously attacked his own party in government.

TIZARD was a family man. His pleasures were normal, his humor was healthy, though sometimes sharp-edged and hurtful. His administrator's mind, combined with his scentific knowledge and ability, made him acceptable to that branch of the British Establishment which is the Civil Service.

As such, he was invited to take charge of a "Committee for the Scientific Study of Air Defence" set up by the Air Ministry. It became, and remains known as, the "Tizard Committee." He insisted that it should be small. It included the scientific adviser of the Air Ministry, H. E. Wimperis, and a government scientist, A. P. Rowe. The two independent members were A. V. Hill, already a Nobel Prize-winner, and P.M.S. Blackett, later to become one. Their job was to answer Baldwin's grim prediction, "The Bomber will always get through." They had to find some form of anti-aircraft defense. One of the things they had to dispose of was the popular belief in a death-ray, and this was succinctly done by Watson-Watt, who was then superintendent of the Government Radio Research Station. He, however, added a rider which said in effect that if radio waves could not destroy planes they could at least detect them. That was the beginning of radar, and the Tizard Committee gave him the go-ahead.

Above this technical committee was appointed a political one and Churchill, the critic, was invited to join. He did so on his own terms, which included adding Lindemann to the Tizard Committee. According to Snow, Lindemann,

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who had his own ideas about infra-red rays and air-mines, did his utmost to reduce the priorities given to radar. Watson-Watt, then in charge of the developments, says that never at any time did he have anything but encouragement from Lindemann. That may be, but it is quite inconsistent with what was happening inside the Tizard Committee. The bitterest of conflicts raged between Lindemann and Tizard, to the point of wrecking the committee. A. V. Hill and Blackett resigned but returned when the committee was reconstituted and E. V. Appleton, who was later to receive the Nobel Prize for his fundamental work on wave propagation, replaced Lindemann. Radar got all the priorities it deserved, and saved Britain.

Behind Snow's story of Lindemann's wrecking operations inside the committee, is the testimony of Blackett, Hill and A. P. Rowe, and there are Tizard's posthumous papers. There are also, with a search warrant, the minutes of the meetings. What is more doubtful is the implication that if Churchill had been in a position to influence events at that time, Lindemann would have deprived Britain of radar. This is *post hoc propter hoc* and, artistically, diminishes the human drama. Because Lindemann hated Tizard he opposed his pet project, radar. If he had been in charge instead of Tizard, if Wimperis had then asked the same question (about death-rays), if Watson-Watt had added the same footnote (about radar) and if, as there is no reason to doubt, Watson-Watt's regard for Lindemann was reciprocated, the chances are that Lindemann would have backed him.

ABOUT the hatred there is no doubt. When Churchill came to power, he took Lindemann to 10 Downing Street with him, at first as a Gray Eminence without ministerial position. Lindemann, the lodger, summoned Tizard to No. 10 and gave him instructions in the name of the Prime Minister.

Lindemann, made Lord Cherwell, entrenched himself. Tizard was asked to lead a mission to the United States which he did with distinction and results, and the final rupture was postponed, not without humiliations, until 1942.

Cherwell, now a member of the Cabinet, produced his own strategic bombing plan against Germany. The bombing must be directed, not against factories and military objectives, but against working-class houses. (Middle-class suburbs were not sufficiently concentrated; one bomb would not destroy as many.) War industries would thus be crippled by shortage of workers, killed or dispersed. According to his slide-rule, this policy would destroy 50 per cent of all houses in towns with more than 50,000.

Cherwell could usually "get away with figures" (though he was not, as the book suggests, "the only scientist in the Cabinet"; Snow has forgotten Sir John Anderson and Sir Stafford Cripps, both scientifically trained). But in this case the Cabinet Paper was circulated to departmental experts. Without anticipating the verdict of history, they tore his estimates to pieces. As Snow says, "It was not Lindemann's ruthlessness that worried us most, it was his calculations."

(My job was Director of Plans of Political Warfare. I did not have to use a slide-rule. Cherwell's strategy of indiscriminate bombing made nonsense of the principles for which we were supposed to be fighting. So far from demoralizing the Germans, it was calculated to convince them that they were dealing with an implacable enemy.)

Snow says:

> The paper went to Tizard. He studied the statistics. He came to the conclusion, quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate of the number of houses that could possibly be destroyed was five times too high. The paper went to Blackett. Independently, he studied the statistics. He came to the conclusion, quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate was six times too high.
>
> The bombing survey after the war revealed that it had been ten times too high.

The Lindemann strategy prevailed. Watson-Watt takes Snow to task for the words "quite impregnably." My own opinion then, which I hold "quite impregnably" now, is that this policy lengthened the war. The damage caused to the German war effort was less than the wastage of man-power and resources which Britain put into it. It produced the callous absurdity that families (e.g., at I. G. Farben), knowing their homes would be bombed, took refuge in the factories, knowing they would not be bombed. It gave to "Unconditional Surrender" every lurid meaning which Goebbels wanted to give it, and made nonsense of all our efforts to split the German people. But, then, Lindemann had no use for morale warfare — with, or without, the "e."

This review, like the dispute itself, has obscured the merits of the Snow argument, which the personality clash was merely to illustrate: that committee politics, hierarchical politics and *Eminence Grise* politics are dangerous and that, in a world socially dominated by science, the sooner men of wisdom equip themselves with enough science to cope with the "experts," the better. It is well said.

Novelists as Reporters

IN PURSUIT OF THE ENGLISH. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. $3.75.

NO FURTHER WEST. By Dan Jacobson. The Macmillan Co. 127 pp. $3.50.

George Dangerfield

DORIS LESSING was born in Persia of English parents, and she was brought up in Rhodesia. In 1949, at the age of thirty, she came to London and "for the best of reasons, namely, that I was short of money," lived in a lodging house crammed to the roof with people who worked with their hands. *In Pursuit of the English,* a fragment of autobiography which is also (and more so) a novel, is the story of that year. She writes:

> My life has been spent in pursuit. So has everyone's, of course. I chase love and fame all the time. I have chased, off and on, and with much greater deviousness of approach, the working-class and the English. The pursuit of the working-class is shared by everyone with the faintest tint of social responsibility: some of the most indefatigable pursuers are working class people. That is because the phrase does not mean, simply, those people who can be found by walking out of one's front door and turning down a side-street. Not at all. Like love and fame, it is a platonic image, a grail, a quintessence, and by definition, unattainable. It took me a long time to understand this.

The key to her success lies in this charming but no doubt deplorable passage. As a novelist (*The Grass Is Sing-*

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, who was born and educated in England, is the author of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York *(Harcourt, Brace). His previous work,* The Era of Good Feelings, *won the Pulitzer Prize in History.*

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ing, The Habit of Loving), she is in chase of people, not of categories and definitions: and if it took her a long time to realize that the phrase "working class" was a grail, she presumably had some notion from the beginning that this would be the case. *In Pursuit of the English* takes place in a house whose inmates are genuinely reckless, spontaneous, unreticent and susceptible to gaiety: hardly English at all, one would say, but possibly working class. However, they are also suspicious, skeptical and resigned; they neither admire nor trust nor wish to alter the society which has produced them, and which they endure or seek to exploit. If this is working class, then it serves to explain why England, in spite of many a provocation, has not had a revolution since 1688, or, if you want to quibble, since 1641.

INDEED, this wry non-revolutionary history can usually be seen squinting through the windows of Mrs. Lessing's lodging house. The heroine of her book is Rose Jennings, a shopgirl at four pounds a week, to whom Mrs. Lessing talks socialism, but in vain. And Rose, for example, listens to Mr. Churchill's fiery speeches on the radio with a kind of rapture, because Mr. Churchill reminds her of the war, the one time when she believes that she was happy: otherwise, "he's just a jealous fat man, I don't take any notice of him. . . . I don't care what he says about Labour. I don't care who gets in, I'll get a smack in the eye either way. But I like to hear Churchill speak, with his dirty V-sign and everything, he enjoys himself, say what you like." Enough said. A flawless observer face to face with the unattainable, Mrs. Lessing makes the most of the encounter. She gives up the quest; the grail is turned into earthenware; the book becomes a comedy.

It is mostly about sexual love, which preoccupies everyone but Miss Privet, a prostitute; or else about money, which preoccupies everyone: and the plot, such as it is, is concerned with the efforts of the lodging-house proprietor—a born rack-renter who acquired his property out of the proceeds of smuggling when he was in the Navy—to eject an ancient, pathetic and quite filthy couple from one of his apartments. Protected by a Rent Act, they pay only eighteen shillings a week. If they could be removed for incompetence, their horrid rookery could be cleansed and rented for five pounds. Immense issues are at stake—a matter of four pounds two shillings a week and perhaps more—and the battle, fought with a dim ferocity on one side and a total lack of control on the other, is eventually settled in a court of justice. This is one of the funniest and most awful court scenes I have ever read, in which neither side understands what the barristers and the judge are up to, and where the victor is with the utmost difficulty persuaded that he has won. All in all, a wonderful book: vital, loving, unsentimental and a work of art.

AS I HAVE TRIED to indicate, a certain kind of English history seeps into Mrs. Lessing's book; but it is a history that finds her out; she is not herself in search of it. Mr. Jacobson is, somewhat regrettably I think, in search of American history. Like Mrs. Lessing, he is a novelist *(A Dance in the Sun, The Price of Diamonds)*, and since he comes from South Africa and she from Rhodesia, there is some kind of a geographical connection between them. Also, as his opening pages show, if he had chosen to write a novel about Americans, he could have done a remarkable job. He is a brilliant observer, but far from flawless; or rather his observation is flawed by his effort to explain the Americans instead of to see them and then (as Mrs. Lessing did with her Londoners) to create them. But it is invidious to compare a novelist who wrote a novel with a novelist who did not.

Mr. Jacobson came to California as a Fellow in Creative Writing at Stanford University; his year with us was more or less confined to the interminably strung out communities of the Bay Area; and if he had stayed longer, and lived elsewhere than California, he might have been in a stronger position. His assumption that all states in the Union are equally typical is not exactly tenable: one wonders if he would have been able to fit Georgia, say, or Louisiana (or for that matter the Imperial Valley of California) into the America which he so confidently deduces from Palo Alto and its environs.

However, his insights are exceedingly interesting and well worth the trouble of getting acquainted with. Since they are presented antithetically, they are apt to surprise and to soothe; or perhaps one should say they are presented contrapuntally, the plain-song of American glare, blare, materialism and latent violence being always accompanied by the melody which tells of quietness, modesty, mildness, aspiration. It would be pleasant to think that America is as liberal as he holds it to be; though here he may be confusing liberalism with liberal capitalism. At any rate, somewhere or other, confusion sets in. He says that America, from the very beginning of its colonial history, was always the Promised Land, and that it has continued to be the Promised Land. But what kind of Promised Land? Is it true, as he asserts, that Americans "themselves often believe that America as it is today is a country that has no past; but to me it [seems] unmistakable that there is a continuity, a habit of mind and will which is specifically, particularly American . . . and that this continuity has arisen precisely from the very lack of a continuity of an instinctive, unspoken kind"?

AMERICANS do not believe, I should have thought, that they have no past; but they often believe that they have broken with it; and the continuity they maintain with this past *is* of an instinctive kind, though not an unspoken one.

The Raven

If, antique hateful bird,
flapping through dawngagged streets
of metal shopfronts grated down
on pedestrian nerve-ends,

if, as on old film,
my features blurred and grained like cereal,
you find me walking up and down
waiting for my first dream,

don't try to sully my head
with vengeful squirtings. Fly on,
ratfooted cautionary of my dark,
till we meet further along.

You are no dream, old genius.
I smell you, get my teeth on edge,
stand in my sweat—in mercury—
even as you prime your feathers and set sail.

ADRIENNE RICH

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Every attack on collectivism, on planning, is an attempt to maintain such a continuity, an instinctive denial of the fact that collectivism and planning have been stealing up on us since the beginning of our national history. When Mr. Jacobson says that "to come to Palo Alto, California, is to be overwhelmed by the feeling that one is clinging to a fragment of settlement floating in a great sea of other and equal fragments," he is discovering the vestiges of that American nominalism which postulated that America was born out of the Revolution as a multiplicity of independent wholes; and he is discovering American individualism, which is profoundly historical, but does not care too much for the sort of "consolidation" which its own history is paradoxically forcing upon it. Mr. Jacobson does stumble upon a paradox, but not that paradox: he thinks that modern industrialization, which should demand rapid and efficient communication, produces in this country "only fragmentation and dispersion . . . sprawl upon sprawl." For this he mostly blames industrialization, although I think it would be at least as pertinent to ask whether Americans themselves do not *will* this sprawl into existence. Mr. Jacobson does not believe in this kind of will, although he is constantly suggesting that it exists. He prefers instead to discover a "single, indomitable American will—which, in this world, wants the best of all possible worlds." This is his conclusion, and more power to it, if (as I suppose) it includes the best of all possible worlds for the rest of the world as well. I can only repeat that his arguments do not agree with his conclusion; but his arguments are intelligent, if not free from contradiction; and if his conclusion exudes optimism, we can all do with some of that.

LETTER from AUSTRALIA

George G. Kirstein

"IT'S A GENTLE COUNTRY," Tas Drysdale, Australia's most eminent painter, told us when we asked him about the interior of the continent—the outback. "The climate is moderate, and we have no savage animals."

Just after dawn a few days later, we recalled his words when, as we drove through the mountains which border the coast between Sydney and Melbourne, two Red kangaroos bounced across the road fifty yards ahead of the car. We congratulated ourselves on having seen this symbolic animal, which is emblazoned on Australia's coat of arms, in its wild state. Before our enthusiasm had found full expression, I jammed on the car's brakes to avoid hitting a Great Gray kangaroo followed closely by her joey (cub). The animals stopped and inspected us at close range, and we addressed the mother in words we hoped she would take as friendly. After listening to us attentively for a minute or two, her pointed face toward us and her large ears erect, she went bounding off through the heavy foliage, followed by her small companion.

A few miles further on, as we crossed the state border from New South Wales into Victoria, we told an agricultural inspector, whose duty it was to prevent the spread of the fruit fly, about our encounter with the kangaroos. He listened to us with the patient puzzlement of the native everywhere when confronted with a commonplace tale told with surprise by foreigners. Finally, trying to supply some logic for our excitement, he said, "Ah, yes, it's true you don't see as many of them about in the daytime as in the evening when they are feeding."

We thought of Drysdale's words again when the assistant director of the Melbourne zoo, Mrs. Joyce Seekampf, who nurses every sick inmate and orphaned cub in her own home, admitted us to the cage of koala bears. These endearing animals sit in the forks of gum trees and, with a steady concentration and changeless countenance, eat singly the long, pointed eucalyptus leaves in the manner of a voracious diner sucking up strands of spaghetti.

Later at tea, Mrs. Seekampf introduced us to her current nursery charge, Jack, a wombat whom some motorist had found wounded by the side of the road and had brought to the zoo for care. The wombat, resembling our woodchuck, is perhaps the most common of Australia's unique collection of marsupials. They are a pest to farmers because of their practice of burrowing under fences and, when directly below the post, arching their powerful backs in such a way as to force the post out of the soil and bring it crashing down. Why they do this is not known; apparently, wombats just don't like fences. But as we watched Jack run determinedly around the drawing room on his little human-shaped, flesh-colored feet while the people sipped tea, it seemed to us that only a very harsh farmer could kill these gentle, almost tame animals.

We were indebted to Mr. Drysdale for much more than his apt verbal characterization of his country: his paintings, which we saw in his studio and in the museums in Sydney and Melbourne (an example is also in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum in New York), translate the truth of his environment in the way only the great artist can achieve. His paintings of aborigines, huddled together, yet looking dignified despite the white man's alien finery they wear, portray vividly the tragedy in the history of these unfortunate counterparts to the American Indian. They were even less well-equipped to oppose the ruthless expansion of the white settlers and their numbers are now down to 50,000—a quarter of their probable population when the colonists arrived in the 1790s. Drysdale has also captured, in his characteristic angular and elongated portrayals of the white cowboys and sheepherders, the mood of the frontier in a way reminiscent of a less journalistic Remington. One particularly striking painting hangs in the permanent collection of the Sydney Museum; a frontier village at sundown. The deserted street and the shabby buildings reflecting the orange light—their carefully wrought iron railings characteristic of this country where ships came laden with iron ballast and returned to the homeland with wool—symbolize the loneliness yet the vitality of the country's interior.

In quite a different style, Robert Dickerson, an ex-prizefighter, has also found a way to reflect the melancholy loneliness of this remarkable country. One of his large paintings shows a solitary old man, crouched by his tiny campfire in the bush, and surrounded by the greenish black of the desert night. The faces of Dickerson's people are sad, a little deformed—his paintings, as one critic put it, are "not so much of people as of the gulf between people."

BUT though the art is vital, the politics seems to the visitor singularly placid. Candidates for parliament are selected by caucus of the principal parties, therefore, only those who have served long apprenticeships of loyal party service have a practical chance to assume positions of power. Without any primary system whereby the young can challenge the senior party regular, politics develops into a contest between

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experienced professionals. When I asked what would happen after Prime Minister Menzies retired (or to phrase it differently, was there an Australian Kennedy on the horizon?), I was invariably told that little change was in prospect. "A little more social welfare, a little more encouragement of foreign capital" seemed to be the slogan for the future.

THE only two political issues that excite wide interest are the threatened expansion of Indonesia into Western New Guinea and the continuation of the "White Australia" immigration policy. Australian troops fought gallantly in New Guinea during World War II, and the feeling is general that their blood bought a stake in the future of this neighboring island. Besides, the prospect that an Oriental race, the Indonesians, may move in as their northern neighbors, in place of the Dutch, excites all the instinctive fears that the old cry of "yellow peril" once stirred among the dwellers of our West Coast.

The White Australia policy is simply another reflection of the same fear. No non-white immigrants are accepted in Australia, except as students or similarly temporary visitors. An otherwise sensible professor of political science at the National University, Canberra, told us with considerable emotion that the White Australia policy must be maintained, since the alternative would be the establishment of a gigantic Chinese fifth column which would undermine the government in preparation for the inevitable invasion by the Yellow hordes from the North. The vision conjured up was of millions of Chinese spreading from the beaches into the outback, like grasshoppers inundating the plains. When I suggested that quotas had been successfully applied to the Italian and other central European postwar immigrants ("New Australians"), I was told, with all the logic of a professor of anthropology at the University of Mississippi arguing our own racial issue, that "Quotas on Orientals won't work. The Chinese would come in by millions."

The results of the White Australia policy are sometimes ludicrous. When *A Taste of Honey* opened in Sydney, there was no Negro actor to play the role of the sailor who becomes the heroine's lover for a night. A White Australian in splotchy brown grease paint did his not very good best with the part. But by far the most noteworthy, and ironic, effect of the White Australia policy may be seen in the tropical regions of Queensland in the north, where one observes whites performing all the

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manual labor in the sugar fields, on the roads and on construction projects under the fiercely blazing sun. This situation is unique in the tropic regions of the world. For while the White Australia policy is aimed primarily at the Oriental rather than at the Negro, the effect is to keep all of the non-white cultures, which would eventually enrich the society as well as the economy, from aiding in the development of this beautiful country.

THE American visitor seeking an explanation for the temperate political climate must look to history for a large part of the answer. While our histories have many similarities—both countries were founded by England's outcasts and developed first into rich colonies and finally became independent and wealthy nations—there is one fundamental difference; it has been pointed out by Australia's historian, Mr. A. G. L. Shaw. America's natural wealth and fertility lay almost unbroken from coast to coast, and it took a minimum of government help to develop the country. But Australia, as the settlers pushed inland, was found to be inhospitable and drought-ridden. Without maximum aid by government, first England's and then their own, it would have been impossible to develop the continent even into the sheep- and cattle-grazing country that it now is. So the role of government as a regulator of basic sections of the Australian economy is taken for granted, while similar action in America would be considered outrageous interference—probably unconstitutional. Nowhere is this difference more striking than in the field of industrial relations. Almost since the turn of the century all labor disputes have been settled by compulsory arbitration.

The employers and unions agree on as many issues by collective bargaining as they possibly can, but the final thorny points are adjudicated by final and binding arbitration. When I inquired of Justice Watson, a senior jurist of Melbourne, who acts as arbitrator of all shipping disputes arising in the State of Victoria, how Australian unions liked this system, he told me that the method had been initiated under a Labour Government. I suggested that the price of this system of keeping industrial peace was a correlative loss of freedom. His reply was, "It's so much more intelligent than fighting it out."

All this is not to say that strikes never occur. Sydney newspapers carry frequent stories of stoppages by the Waterside Workers, generally called "wharfies," during the loading or unloading of ships. After reading two incredible stories—one of a stoppage because the "wharfies" were not issued gloves to unload oil barrels, and another because they objected to the way some crew members of a Greek freighter treated one another—I called on Mr. James Healy, General Secretary of the Union. The general and informed impression is that Mr. Healy is a Communist, but I was interested, not in arguing ideological differences, but in learning about local industrial relations. Mr. Healy made little effort to justify the two strikes. Both were part of a program of agitation and harassment which the union is pursuing in an effort to force the arbitration court to seriously consider awarding an adequate pension plan. Faced with an aging membership and the development of the process of mechanization that is familiar on our own docks, the union believes it imperative to provide a method by which senior workers can retire so that the union's roster can be reduced. In 1958-59, according to Mr. Healy, the union cut its stoppages by some 90 per cent and thus demonstrated to the ship owners the effectiveness of union discipline. When no pension plan was offered in the subsequent bargaining, and none was awarded by the arbitration court, the union resumed the senseless stoppages which make such bizarre reading in the Sydney newspapers.

IT IS not only stories of waterfront strife which liven up Australian journalism. Newspaper empires are being built there, and the process is causing circulation wars that recall similar battles in America during the earlier decades of this century. The most colorful of the publishers, and one straight out of the Hearst-Howard tradition, is Sir Frank Packer, whose Sydney *Daily Telegraph* (a tabloid) is the liveliest and most tightly edited paper in the country. For detailed coverage of foreign and domestic news, the visitor is more impressed by *The Melbourne Age*, a distinguished paper which is now operated by a trust under the will of the late proprietor. There is speculation that, when certain trustees die, Sir Frank or one of his rival press lords may be able to add this fine paper to one of the growing stables of papers, magazines and television stations which are concentrating in a few hands Australia's dissemination of the news.

In the meantime, Sir Frank is in pursuit of that elusive symbol of yacht racing supremacy, the America's Cup. Americans will read much of him next year when the races are held, and they will recognize a type with which they are familiar—a hard-driving, ambitious individualist with a good eye for administrative detail.

In addition to the daily papers and a multitude of pulp magazines, there are three literary quarterlies. The best known, *The Meanjin Review*, has loose ties financially and editorially to the University of Melbourne. The quality of this publication is excellent, and most of Australia's best writers and poets have contributed to it over the years. *Overland* is an effort by left-wing non-Communists to bring cultural standards and intellectual interests within the grasp of the masses. It has the largest circulation of the quarterlies (around 4,000) but I found the contents uneven. *Quadrant* is a quarterly counterpart of *National Review*, edited by a Catholic poet and intellectual whose major interest is anti-communism.

There are two fortnightly journals of opinion, *Nation* and *Observer;* the latter was in process of merging with another publication and changing its name to *Bulletin*. *Nation* is edited by Tom Fitzgerald, who doubles as financial editor for the Sydney *Daily Herald*. He has been able to attract as contributors many of Australia's leading scholars, journalists and critics. *Observer* (now *Bulletin*) is one of Sir Frank Packer's periodicals, and like his others is tightly edited, readable and lively; but it is less profound than *Nation*. What journalistic dissent there is will be found in these two fortnightlies, but the great bulk of the material they print is expository rather than critical.

Sitting late one night with the regular contributors to *Nation* in one of the innumerable espresso bars of the King's

For Tlacahuepan

(After the Aztec)

The field where the hero's
body was left in the sun
A sudden ringing of bells

And yellow flowers
to sweeten
the kingdom of death

They have hidden you here
in the Seven Caves

The acacia bursts, a
lost cry of the tiger
answers the eagle's call

Oh quechol-bird
color of fire
moving at night
through this field
in the kingdom of death

JEROME ROTHENBERG

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Cross (Greenwich Village) section of Sydney, I inquired where dissent originated in cultural matters. Robert Hughes, *Nation's* art critic, sometime critic for *The Observer* (London), and himself one of the finest of Australia's younger painters, exploded: "Ferment? There is no ferment! You talk about the isolation of the outback. The whole bloody country is isolated. Listen, have you ever tried to boil treacle?" I admitted I had not. "Well, it won't boil, see—it won't even bubble. That's what commitment to the arts is here—trying to boil treacle."

But to the visitor, in this very company of journalists and critics, on the walls of the museums, even in the unevenly presented amateur theatre, the bubbles seemed to be stirring.

Readying for our departure from Australia, my wife said: "You know, in the whole month we have been here, we haven't heard an angry word. Not only no anger directed at us—but no angry word at all."

The image of Tas Drysdale in his checkered shirt, looking out from his studio window over Sydney's beautiful harbor, flashed back to my mind.

"It's a gentle country," I said.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FOR MONTHS we have been anticipating the arrival of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, which is reported to whip the skin off Italy's *nouveau* society. However, *L'Avventura*, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, has beaten it into New York by two weeks, and the prize for describing present-day Latin decadence will be contested. Fellini is said to provide an orgy; there is nothing so riotous in *L'Avventura*, but the spirit of moral gelatin is pervasive.

Antonioni is a romantic and discursive film maker, a dissenter from the neorealism that characterized the great postwar Italian movies. He broods over landscape and will cling to a scene that is loaded with atmosphere beyond the point where it contributes to the story; a scene of imagined horror is as real as the external events. If a sequence is building well, he gives it its head, and then he jumps disconcertingly far ahead, as though to make up for lost time. The result is a picture of two hours and twenty-five minutes that is not always relevant and not always clear. But a picture that is also not easily forgotten.

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to trouble other reviewers more than it does me. A yachting party lands to stretch its legs on a small, dangerous volcanic island, and during the stop one of the girls disappears. She may have been killed by her lover, she may have committed suicide, she may have fallen into one of the surf-churned crevasses, she may have been taken off in a small boat — we never learn what happened. But for the real content of the picture it doesn't matter; only if you think of it as a mystery story does the mystery nag.

We know that this Anna (Lea Massari) is very much in love with Sandro (Gabriele Ferzetti) and hysterically reluctant to put herself irrevocably in his hands. Almost immediately after she disappears, almost as a result of the anxiety and exhaustion caused by her disappearance, her closest friend, Claudia (Monica Vitti), finds herself surrendering to Sandro. Sandro and Claudia, joining forces to search for Anna along the coast of Sicily, turn the hunt into an affair. If Claudia never learns how Anna was lost, she at least learns why.

The trouble with Sandro is the trouble with everyone in his society — he is only the trappings you can see. He has abandoned his profession for easy money, he evades love for easy loving and he wins in the end with easy tears. He can defeat Claudia by sobbing weakly over his own sleazy philandering, because there is no ground on which she can take a stand. Everyone cheats and covers up, injures and evens up scores, in a joyless commutation from pleasure to pleasure. A woman who bores her husband into petty cruelty avenges herself by seducing a teen-age boy; the cold wife of the yacht's owner occupies herself with jigsaw puzzles and with turning her paramour into an oversexed spaniel, capable of public improprieties.

What these people lack is morale rather than morality; they have too little conviction to sin; they merely besmirch one another. Anna, it really does not matter how, got out; Claudia, trapped by a weary eroticism, does not. She, perhaps, could have made it back to humanity — that is the tragedy.

The acting is superbly styled to Antonioni's purpose — all these beautiful bodies move as though through an atmosphere thicker than air. Thinking is a torment; decision quite impossible. There is left to them only a slow sensuality. *L'Avventura* is a beautifully unified creation; the only question is whether one wants to contemplate at such length lives of so little promise for good or evil.

IT IS SAID that *Shadows* is a completely improvised film: that no script was prepared and that John Cassavetes, himself an actor turned director, did no more than help the players to work out what they wanted to do. I don't quite believe in miracles. It is obvious that the company worked from a well-understood story line and equally obvious that each actor knew in advance what sort of character he was impersonating. But the details of action, the dialogue, the camera work are undoubtedly spontaneous, and the result is a picture of startling immediacy and shocking power.

Most important, it is a *movie*, a story told in film that could not have been told in any other way. The photography is rough by studio standards — there are moments when the camera seems even to have lost the action and to be scurrying around after the performers — but the gain in authenticity and in the sense of an urgent, inevitable flow of events, far outweighs the occasional cramped composition, awkward transition, or flaring light. You feel that you are present — an original excitement of the movies that has now almost been abandoned for calculated effects.

The cast — unknown — is excellently flexible and agile, but even so there are moments when an actor jiggles and squirms, at a loss for a word or a gesture. However, the story is about people, young street-bred neurotics, who do jiggle and squirm in anxious search for the "style" they think befits them. If they are not being themselves, these young men and women are being the world in which they live.

With side excursions to Central Park and Pennsylvania Station, the story takes place in the streets and warrens of the Broadway area, and in the cramped studio-apartment lived in by the family of the picture, a girl and her two brothers. They are Negroes, but only one of them, the older brother, looks like a Negro; the other two want to pretend that color does not concern them, but obviously it does. The girl suffers when her first lover is taken up short, and behaves stupidly, on being introduced to her older brother. The younger brother, elegant, sensitive, a near-delinquent in dark glasses, is sweating with satiric self-pity. He is a sweet and dangerous clown. By contrast, the older brother is a secure and impressive man, though as a singer with desperately little talent he lives a driven life.

There are other good characters — a sickly solemn professor, who hopes to "get at" the girl through her mind; the younger brother's oafish companions in near-crime, gangsters with baby-fat; a "square" Negro boy who shocks the girl out of her exhibitionist sorrow. One of the most admirable aspects of this thoroughly admirable experiment is the pungency of the personalities invented. Clearly, these young people have been hanging around the bars and pads with their eyes open. Lelia Goldoni plays the girl; Hugh Hurd and Ben Carruthers are her older and younger brothers.

SOMEONE gave Marlon Brando enough rope and he hanged himself. I have seen a lot of extravagant praise — or at least a batch of exhilarated excerpts — for *One Eyed Jacks*, but it is really patronizing Mr. Brando to pretend that he is a good director. The film runs (downhill) for more than two hours; it is lushly beautiful and mushily sentimental, implausible and inconsequential. Mr. Brando, who can be a fine actor, permits himself all the easy mannerisms that other directors work hard to keep out of his performances. He plays the sleepy cat and the striking snake as though his forte were animal impersonations; he whispers and mumbles and broods his eyes. And he gets shown up

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by Carl Malden, who never quite finds his place in the picture, but who nevertheless has the discipline of long acting experience.

The Mexican desert and the California seacoast are indeed pretty, and the movie pants with the TV kind of close-up sadism. The gunfire is noisy, the horses are spirited, the color is bright, the canvas is big and the purpose is meager. A couple of encounters between Brando and Maldin — hate beneath rough good fellowship — suggest what might have been done by a director strong enough to drive this wagon up the road. Pina Pellicer, a newcomer from Mexico, is beautiful in an intense, defenseless, unself-conscious way that makes conventional prettiness seem boring.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Ford Foundation has struck upon an unusual, and apparently fruitful, method of commissioning music: in one of its projects, it first selects a performer and then authorizes him to nominate the composer whose new work he would like to play.

As part of this plan, the young American pianist, William Masselos, was given the privilege of commissioning a fellow American to write a work especially for his instrument, plus orchestra. A series of performances with major orchestras throughout the nation was guaranteed, and both composer and pianist received generous stipends. Since Masselos, among pianists of his generation, has more or less led the field as a champion of contemporary music, he was a fine and logical choice for the project. Equally, it made sense that he should select Ben Weber as his composer, since he had already given première performances of all Weber's major piano works, and was quite certain of the quality of music he could expect.

Weber's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* is not an easy composition to describe. Within its own frame of reference, it is consistent, logical and well balanced. It is pungent, full of heady colors and convinced melodies, and seems, at first, quite direct and easy to understand. But there is a peculiar elusiveness about the piece which does not arise so much from its materials or structure as from sub-surface nuances and meanings. Superficially, the concerto is straightforward. The rhythms, melodies and harmonies are clear in intent, they go precisely where they are meant to go. But the after-flavor of the work is more subtle and complicated than the initial experience.

One thing is certain: the Weber concerto is romantic. It seeks unabashedly to move the listener, to express subjective feelings and to communicate ideas of a certain ethical and emotional power. Though it was composed in the 12-tone system, the composer's choice of intervals in his tone row gives it a strong sense of harmonic solidity, even of harmonic opulence. Weber's approach to serial composition is at the farthest remove from that of Webern or the post-Webern pointillists. His music always tends toward ampleness of body, generosity (sometimes *over*-generosity) of contrapuntal interplay, and a richness of harmony which comes from his deliberate attention to that element.

The *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, though played without pause, contains three distinct movements. The opening and final fast sections are sometimes four-square and march-like; sometimes perkily energetic. But the meat of the work is to be found in a long *Andantino* movement (*In memoriam Dimitri Mitropulos: 1960*), which is as deeply felt and as touching a musical utterance as I have heard in many years. According to the composer's program notes, this movement has a *passacaglia* with five variations imbedded in its middle section. I was entirely unaware, in listening, of any such scholarly constructional devices. All I heard was a profound, authentic and original flow of musical idea.

Masselos' performance of the concerto deserves every word of praise I can muster. It was clean, strong, intelligent and full of feeling. He played the work with such facility that it almost seemed easy, though in fact it is as complex and difficult as a work of its kind has any (and every) right to be. The fact that Masselos learned it in only two weeks proves again what has been known about him for a long time: he has one of the keenest musical minds and one of the most extraordinary piano techniques in the United States.

Leonard Bernstein also had to learn the score in a very short time, since it had just come off the composer's desk. He and the Philharmonic gave the accompaniment a reading that had everything to commend it in terms of precision, sensibility and respect for the music's message. I am told that he devoted to the concerto a portion of his rehearsal time greater than new works customarily receive, which no doubt helped to account for the splendidly secure and meaningful sounds that came from the orchestra.

A SACRIFICED AUTHOR

Father, he said, after the critics' chewing,
Forgive them, for they know not what I'm doing.

—one of five "gnomes" by Howard Nemerov in the spring issue of **The Carleton Miscellany.** Other contributors: John Dos Passos, Charles G. Gillispie, Arthur Mizener, Thom Gunn, Philip Booth.

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If this dangerous trend is not stopped now, it may be an impossible task to stop it at all.—**Justice Hugo L. Black in *Braden*, Feb. 27, 1961.**

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GALVAO

(Continued from page 322)

cretly to reach the objectives of our second phase, and we had to postpone (I repeat, postpone) the subsequent operations, the *Santa Maria,* which had served so well as the instrument for the first phase, now had become not only useless to us, but a tremendous burden. In addition, since we had not taken a single cent of the money we found on board (what kind of pirates were we?) and had none of our own, how could we pay for provisions and a new crew? On top of all this, when we captured the ship a generator was out of order and now needed repairs. The only solution was to accept the generous asylum offered by President Quadros, along with guarantees concerning the disposition of the ship. Under these provisions, we would enjoy the same status before the law as any Brazilian citizen. This was as honorable and dignified for us as it was for the Brazilian authorities.

The President's attitude, as well as the enthusiastic reception tendered us by people from all walks of Brazilian life, was much more than a tacit recognition of the rights of our position. It was the final consecration of the victory of twenty-four men, poor but determined, who had taken upon themselves the anxieties of their oppressed peoples along with the feelings of free peoples the world over in their fight against the shameful diplomacy of two dictators bereft of political or humane scruples.

The *Santa Maria* was turned over to the Brazilian authorities with President Quadros' personal guarantee that its fate would be decided in conformity with current international agreements. Our departure from the ship was given full honors, proffered us by a contingent of marines.

From Lisbon, the Salazar press and radio vociferated against the American and Brazilian governments, accusing them of piracy. They used the strongest of demagogic methods and police violence to contain the excitement of the Portuguese people, already deprived of news from outside by the ironclad censorship. In order to save face, however, Salazar was quick to express, through his agents, his "gratitude" for the manner in which Brazil had resolved the matter and declared that the Portuguese Government would not proceed further against us (Tartuffe and Torquemada in action).

We do not intend to rest on our laurels. We have completely attained the objectives of this first operational phase. World attention has become focused on the atrocious misery of two peoples tyrannized by dictators who blasphemously exercise their rule in God's name. We shall count on these advantages in the continuation of our struggle under less difficult circumstances. With a will which grows stronger all the while, we shall rely on the support and understanding of all free peoples the world over. We continue to hope that our appeal for the moral and material aid we need for the suppression of the Iberian dictatorships —a suppression which will give the universal ideals of democracy a truer meaning — will not be in vain.

Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

dividuals who want peace, all who want humanity to survive, join in the effort to get the maximum public support for this petition. Copies may be obtained from the 100 Days for Peace Committee, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

Auto Insurance

Dear Sirs: In the Feb. 18 issue of *The Nation,* there appeared an article entitled, "New Concept in Auto Insurance," summing up certain theories advanced by Professor Ehrenzweig of the University of California, in which appear a number of serious distortions.

1. In attacking the idea of liability based on fault, the author, Peter Fabrizius, dramatically oversimplifies the legal concept of negligence by dashing off a couple of extreme and uncited examples. . . . Statements such as "In millions of cases, juries have either come to obviously unfair decisions by adhering to the law or tried to be fair by flouting it," have no factual basis.

2. [The author's proposals] would neither speed up the disposition of claims by traffic victims nor provide any semblance of adequate compensation for personal injuries.

3. The author cites the workmen's compensation acts as examples of how well the plan would work. Basically tailored to industrial injuries, workmen's compensation is ill-suited to automobile accidents, and would create new ills without curing the old. . . .

JOSEPH A. PAGE
NACCA Law Journal

Watertown, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "New Concept in Auto Insurance" contains gross exaggerations. . . . The insurance companies have repeated the old charge that the plaintiffs' attorneys receive one-half the award so often that the public has come to accept it as true. Please demand that the author furnish the name of a single leading plaintiff's attorney . . . whose agreement with his client regularly contemplates this.

ARTHUR H. SCHATZ

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Re the above:

1. The charge of oversimplification can be applied to any magazine article distilled from a larger work. For the unsimplified statement of my theory, with examples and references, I refer Mr. Page to my two books, *Negligence Without Fault* and *Full Aid Insurance.*

2. The substitution of compulsory accident insurance for liability insurance would indeed greatly reduce the expense and delay involved in the settling of automobile injury claims by eliminating negligence litigation. To be sure, compensation, while becoming available to the large numbers of victims not proving fault, would be keyed to minimum requirements for the "little man." But this compensation would by its predictability encourage potential victims of "greater worth" to obtain their own excess insurance.

3. Neither Fabrizius nor I have suggested that workmen's compensation should be the model for this future insurance. In fact, I have stressed repeatedly the desirability of keeping automobile compensation away from administration by commissions.

4. I agree with Mr. Schatz that the fee usually charged by counsel is less than 50 per cent. That it is not significantly less, appears from the 1961 survey of the Columbia University Project for Effective Justice.

ALBERT A. EHRENZWEIG
Professor of Law
University of California

Berkeley, Calif.

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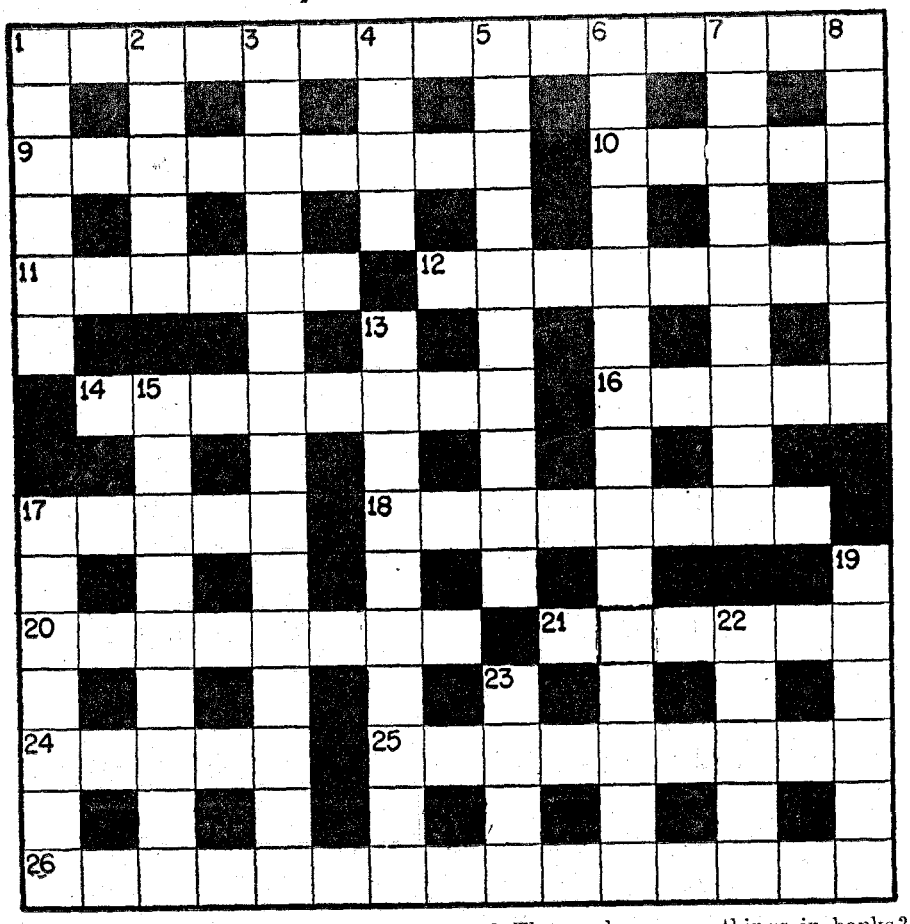
Crossword Puzzle No. 911

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 If the orchestra's out of position, they'll need fancy dress accompaniment! (7, 8)
9 Thrust upon some, according to Malvolio, like the sergeant's order. (9)
10 and 4 down Doesn't exactly rain pitchforks, but they suggest a racket underfoot. (9)
11 There's a good 19 before this. (6)
12 A doctor's statement for what his wife gets at the beauty parlor? (8)
14 Taper not fully lighted in his troubled ending. (8)
16 Handles valises. (5)
17 A hail fellow might, when passing the vessel. (5)
18 Striking relationship of red and orange, perhaps. (8)
20 Camelopards. (8)
21 One who makes his point, or merely counts another's? (6)
24 His pa could have been an irregular soldier! (5)
25 Made a bid in the way which shouldn't be empty. (9)
26 If you find it only partly true, learn the hard way, strangely enough. (15)

DOWN:

1 Associated with Dionysus, perhaps. (6)
2 Those who secure things in banks? (5)
3 Evidently what the man with the scythe does is pink, as the hero arrives. (2, 3, 4, 2, 4)
4 See 10 across
5 A suit he can get out of a tube? (10)
6 Pole overthrown by Scot in so doing. (7, 3, 5)
7 It ain't what you say, it's the way you say it! (9)
8 Tennyson said our little ones have their day. (7)
13 Prudence Valo the equivalent? (10)
15 This is given to drink. (9)
17 Enrolls, though evidently doesn't write his name down. (5, 2)
19 It's time a servant was found! (6)
22 Animal that might make its appearance later. (5)
23 Find whether without her it's a way to get that sharp look? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 910

ACROSS: 1 Controversial; 9 Imply; 10 Testament; 11 Kirtled; 12 Noisome; 13 Natty; 14 Defendant; 16 Essential; 18 Hotel; 19 Rocking; 21 Agrippa; 22 Earthling; 23 Caste; 24 Stridulations. DOWN: 1 Chicken-hearted; 2 Nephritis; 3 Royally; 4 Voted; 5 Resentful; 6 Italian; 7 Lie to; 8 Street cleaners; 14 Drip grind; 15 Antipasto; 17 Neither; 18 Haricot; 20 Ceres; 21 Angel.

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